

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

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PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JUNE 27, 1848.

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OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
G. W. COFFIN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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ORIGINAL.

REPORT on Normal Schools, submitted to the
Oxford Teachers' Association convened at
Rumford May 17th, 1848.

NORMAL SCHOOLS.

The committee appointed to consider the subject of Normal Schools, having attended to his duty, begs leave to respectfully submit the following Report:

The state of our Common Schools is lamentably low. A multitude of causes too well understood to need any specification, have for years been operating to reduce these nurseries of public education to their present condition. Among the foremost of these causes stands the employment of incompetent teachers, while those meriting public confidence have been almost entirely neglected; or if employed at all, they have been compelled to content themselves with the starveling compensation so sparingly dealt out to any one willing to work cheap.

Inadequate pay has, of necessity, forced teachers, with hardly an exception, to take but little interest in their schools; and worse than this, has prevented them from engaging in teaching as a permanent occupation, or even till they could acquire a professional experience. They, like other men, are entitled to a living and a livelihood. Till they can well support themselves by their vocation, it is useless to expect that they will continue in it, whenever an opportunity occurs to engage in a more lucrative calling. They need ample compensation for services. When this and other inducements, which seem not to exist now, are held out to them by way of encouragement, then may they be expected to possess all needed qualifications and an entire willingness to devote the whole of their time and talents to the truly noble work of shaping the pliant faculties of the youthful mind—a work that never should be entrusted to an itinerating pedagogue fortified by his paper certificates.

There is, it must be conceded, an imperative demand for a thorough reformation in our District Schools, to prevent them from soon losing all claims on the public attention.

How shall they be improved? Certainly, not by employing conservative measures. These have been tried too long already. Competent instructors must come into, and up to, the work of renovation. They must fraternize, and unitedly act to bring out of Chaos, and order out of Anarchy. They must not tread the Herculean task, but boldly cut off the heads of the Lernaean Hydra. They must labor long and earnestly till their efforts are crowned with success, which will surely follow, since right will not, in the end, fail to overcome wrong.

Have we suitable teachers? We have, but their number is small, much too small, and what ever good they can accomplish, however great their influence may be, it is of scarce any amount compared with the countering influence of their ignorant brethren who misinform their duties.

Teachers, before they can claim to be considered as such, must have acquired the requisite qualifications for their many arduous labors. They should, in the main, educate themselves. This, they seldom have an opportunity of doing. Teachers, if deficient in the outset, are not like to improve sufficiently as they advance in years. They generally go on as they have begun, till habit becomes fixed, and then self-improvement becomes too difficult.

The mechanic must learn his trade before he is entitled to receive public support. He must have a practical understanding of its minutiae details, before he can claim full wages. How much more shall the teacher, who has soul enough to care for, and to interest himself in his occupation, take time to become well skilled in all its duties, previous to offering himself as an instructor of youth. If he be lacking in mental training, how can he train the minds of his pupils, and so direct them, that they shall grow up, body and intellect, into full and vigorous maturity.

A cobbler's destiny is to remain ever a cobbler. He cobbles over his last, and to the last. Yet, bungler as he is, his work is better performed than that of the cobbling pedagogue. The former's work is equal to the pay he receives, while the latter almost always leaves his school room worse than he found it. The ignorant shoe mender adds durability to the old shoe, though he may mar its comeliness. This cannot be said of the bungling teacher, whose school does not advance, but retrogrades.

The demand for suitable teachers far exceeds the supply. The question now arises, where shall teachers be instructed in the theory and practice of teaching?

The district School is not the proper place; neither is the Academy or Seminary, where, indeed, literary qualifications can be acquired, and but little else. These are needed. Teachers cannot do without them, yet one thing more is needed to render them competent for their business. **THEY MUST BE TAUGHT HOW TO INSTRUCT.**

This must be an ultimate object in their education, and to it all their mental training should be directed. They should be taught by able and experienced instructors, who have themselves tested the practicability of every measure they recommend.

There must be schools instituted to graduate young men and young women qualified to take charge of our public schools. These should admit none but teachers, or those designing to become such, and should recommend none but those who have proved themselves worthy to become instructors. Schools of this kind are known by the name of Normal Schools, and they afford teachers the very best opportunities of improving themselves in every thing relating to their calling. It yet remains for them to be founded in this, as in other States, by the fostering care of the Legislature. Maine has done much to provide for annual County Teachers' Institutes, which are found to answer all reasonable expectations, since they furnish valuable aid not to be had elsewhere. But the teacher cannot learn there all that he needs. They cannot make him an adept in his business; for they hold short sessions. He must have ample time to learn many things, little by little, precept upon precept, line upon line. His must be taught precisely as he should teach his scholars. Then will he be able to educate—to lead out their nascent thoughts and faculties.

The Normal School, then, must educate our teachers. There they can acquire not only literary qualifications, but also skill in school management, a great desideratum at the present time.

The Educational Reform, which is beginning to do much towards improving the "poor man's college," cannot be sustained unless it is carried on by practical teachers, those who have been long engaged in their work, and who know what is to be done, and how it is to be done. Their number is much too small for the arduous enterprise in prospect; it must, therefore, be increased.

The exigencies of the times, requiring as they do sound and useful education, demand professional teachers, such as only Normal Schools can make.

Let teachers of this State, as they regard their true interests, urge upon the Legislature the establishment of these institutions of learning—Let them petition in a body, let them agitate and keep it before the people 'till Maine consents to endow a sufficient number of Normal Schools. Per order.

E. P. HINDS, Committee.

THIS STORY TELLING.

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

The Deserter Sailor. A TRUE STORY.

Among the group known as the Caribbean Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality a mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—called Sombrero, a naked, desolate, barren, miserable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull, the occasional play-ground of the turtle, and the scot of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hurl there unwieldy bodies against it, as if it would take a very little to induce them to swallow it up altogether. However, the little island, with its territory embraced by a periphery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant resistance, taking in obdurate sullenness the attack of the waves, which appear to be forever gnashing their white teeth against it rugged sides. Sombrero offers a striking exception to the character of the surrounding islands: it possesses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing in short, to invite or to favor the residence of man, or to excite anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His Majesty's ship, the Recruit, on the 13th of December, 1807, was standing towards this unpromising spot, on which the first act of our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and the day closed in, the island listed its head lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier solitude than ever. The Recruit was now about a mile and a half off shore, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Capt. L——, her commander, came on deck, having just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid glance at the thin mass of rock now so near, he hastily summoned the master, and asked,

"What island is this?"

"Sombrero," was the reply.

"Have we not some thieves on board?"

"Yes, sir, there are two," answered the master somewhat startled.

"Send up my pistols," said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and after undergoing a careful examination as to

their condition for service, were ostentatiously laid on the captain.

"Now send the ship painter here, with a strip of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes."

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the crew forward were gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Presently the painter appeared, with his tools and the piece of canvas in his hand.

"Take your brush and paint the word 'THIEF' on that piece of canvas; paint it in large letters!" exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest, under the fierce eye of the commander, not improving in steadiness, the man proceeded to his task. The five letters of shame soon, however, glared from the canvas; and although not exactly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular accuracy of outlines, they were plain enough for the purpose; and after competing his work, the man gladly received permission to go below.

"Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to take her off to the shore yonder," shouted the captain, who had already worked himself up into a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in his hand—but he had neither shoes nor stockings. Giving a significant glance at his pistols, the captain said to him—

"Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land on it."

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his clothes. "Never mind his things," thundered the captain of the men who was endeavoring hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, with out shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this destitute condition he was rapidly rowed ashore, half stupefied by the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was sewed the strip of canvas which published his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, retiring temperament, and had always been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he continued crying bitterly, until the boat reached the shore. As they drew nearer the island, the rocks assumed a more definite form, and a little way inland were several which bore all the appearance of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded some little way into the island, to see whether or not it was entirely a desert, or whether the masses, which, in the darkness of a rapidly approaching night looked like human habitations, were really so. As they scrambled up the sharp rocks poor Jeffery's unprotected feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One of the crew seeing this, humanely plucked off his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another gave him a knife; and a third a pocket handkerchief, which he might use as a signal.

As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and became therefore necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeffery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a hasty farewell, they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled up, and the Recruit made all sail from the spot, where she had left one of her men to perish. This transaction took place a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards went down to his cabin, and poor Jeffery embraced the rock for shelter. As the wind came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled with the murmur of the surf, the crew of the Recruit more than fancied that they heard the lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate. Soon after the wind died away altogether, and nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of the waves against the ship's side, and the fitful and incessant sounds of conflict between the waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombrero. The night passed away; at six the following morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot, and many were the conjectures of her crew as to the probable fate of Jeffery. He could not be discerned by them from the deck. Between eight and nine the captain made his appearance—and the officer of the watch, in the hope of inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, reported that Sombrero was still in sight. But he was inexorable. Strong fears were now entertained that if the lad did not perish from hunger and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild birds, which were both large and numerous there. None of these things, however, moved him; and having ordered all sail to be made, the Recruit, under the impulse of a brisk wind, bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the American ship had receded him. The proper

steps were taken, and the result was as follows: At a town of the name of Marblehead, near Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeffery was said to have been discovered. He was immediately taken before a magistrate, and being interrogated, gave the following account of himself: He stated that he was twenty-one years of age; was born in Polperro, a village in Cornwall; had been seized by a press-gang when he was eighteen, which carried him on board the Recruit; and having been brought up to the trade of a blacksmith, was made an iron-mate on board of her. Soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies; after a while the stock of water ran low; the crew were allowed to a certain quantity daily; and he became very thirsty, went on Saturday evening to the beer cask, and drew off about two quarts of spruce beer into a bucket, drinking about three-fourths of that quantity, and leaving the remainder. On the captain discovering this theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black list. The Sunday following he was landed, by the captain's orders, on Sombrero. He found it to be a desolate island, without any inhabitant, or sustenance of any kind to support him; and he remained in it nine days without any food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an American vessel, and landed at a port in the State of Massachusetts. This declaration was signed with a cross. It was transmitted to England, and appeared at once in all the newspapers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had perished a mother yet alive. She had perished with the utmost anxiety the declaration thus officially set forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to the public journals, which reminded all the previous uncertainty. Therein she solemnly declares her conviction that the declaration thus made was, if not wholly a fabrication at any rate not made by her own son, but by some one who had been suborned to personate her unfortunate child. The most remarkable circumstance in confirmation of this opinion was the fact that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name: whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further adduced that it was of the utmost importance to her that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name: whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further adduced that it was of the utmost importance to her that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name: whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further adduced that it was of the utmost importance to her that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name: whereas it was averred that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing.

The Recruit again quitted Sombrero for Barbadoes, Captain L—— appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction which his anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a culable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest; and it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be put into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of Parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain; in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. This step was accordingly taken; many witnesses of the deed were examined, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression such an occurrence was likely to have made on the minds of the men. In the defense, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad Jeffery was of infamous character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing worse, however, than theft was brought home to the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that even this was of a character so peculiar, as in some degree to diminish its guilt. The court did not hesitate an instant in its sentence: its verdict was perfectly unanimous, and it condemned the captain to be immediately dismissed his majesty's service; and he was dismissed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to the "Times" newspaper for February 13, 1810, will find under the head of "Court-martial" a few particulars of this singular case; and on looking over Cobbett's "Weekly Register" about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The verdict against Capt. L—— received the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim of the inhumanity? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed himself; or been devoured, starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a motion by a popular leader in the House of Commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had receded him. The proper

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Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert Jeffery became one of the metropolitan lions, and was for some time visited by crowds of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage. This publicity stimulated Captain L—— to come to an arrangement, by which Jeffery should be compensated for all his wrongs, and a handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must bear our hero company to the last. Accompanied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was entrusted, he set out for home. On the road from Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for his mother had been twice married; he immediately recognized with joy his long-lo

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"Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land you on it."

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and sent in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his clothes. "Never mind this," thundered the captain to one of the men who was endeavoring hasty to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, without shoes, without covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this destitute condition he was rapidly rowed ashore, half stupefied at the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was sewed the strip of canvas which published his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, retiring temperament, and had always been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he continued crying bitterly, until the boat reached the shore. As they drew nearer the island, the rocks assumed a more desolate form, and a little way inland were several which bore all the appearance of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded some little way into the island, to see whether or not it was entirely a desert, or whether the masses, which in the darkness of rapidly approaching night looked like human habitations, were really so. As they scrambled up the sharp rocks poor Jeffery's unprotected feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One of the crew seeing this, humanely plucked off his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another gave him a knife; and a third a pocket-handkerchief, which he might use as a signal. As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and became therefore necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeffery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a hasty farewell, they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled up, and the Recruit made all sail from the spot where she had left one of her men to perish. This transaction took place a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly after, Jeffery was of infamous character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing worse, however, than that was brought home to the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that even this was of a character so peculiar, as in some degree to diminish its guilt. The court did not hesitate in its instance in its sentence; its verdict was perfectly unanimous, and it condemned the captain to be immediately dismissed his majesty's service; and he was dismissed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to the 'Times' newspaper for February 13, 1810, will find under the head of 'Court-martial' a few particulars of this singular case; and on looking over Cobbett's 'Weekly Register' about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The verdict against Capt. L—— received the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim in the meantime? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed himself, or been devoured by the numerous birds, which were both large and numerous in the House of Commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had rescued him. The proper

ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she there joined the admiral's squadron. But the hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered about, it at length came to the admiral's ears, and after severely reprimanding him for his cruelty, commanded him immediately to return and look for the man. Two months had passed since he was set on shore, when the Recruit again hove in sight of this melancholy island; and now, under the sting of an avenging conscience, and the terrors of a prospective court-martial, the commander hastily despatched a boat to the shore, with the same commanding officer and men who had landed his victim, giving them urgent directions to leave no corner unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast flock of the birds called "noddies," and found near the shore a multitude of nests full of their eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which hopped about in all directions. At this visit it was broad daylight, and now they saw to what a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned Jeffery two months previously. They searched in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were many sparkling pools as clear as a crystal; but every one, without exception, was salt, and consequently undrinkable. The island had a craggy, sharp ascent; but on its summits was perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little withered grass, rough and wire-like, could be called a production, and a thin coat of sand and a little detritus a covering. After a long search, nothing was discovered of Jeffery. But a rude tomhawk handle was picked up by one of the men, and to their dismay a tattered pair of trousers by another. Again and again they explored the rocks, dividing, and uniting and searching every hole and corner; but they found nothing more. They at length returned, and reported the fruitless result of their expedition to their anxious captain; and the news spread among the men, who, hearing of the tomhawk handle and the trousers, were unanimous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished and probably by a violent death. The boat was again ordered on shore, and this time the captain himself went in her; every cranny in the island was again searched, but with the same result. There was no heap of bleaching bones to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds; but the handle and the torn garments seemed to quench all hopes of his existence. What had become of him? was the universal inquiry; and a profession of utter ignorance, and of the inability even to conjecture, was the universal answer.

The Recruit again quitted Sombrero for Barbadoes, Captain L—— appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his anxiety and fears held, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a culpable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest; and it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be put into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of Parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain; in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. This step was accordingly taken: many witnesses of the deed were examined, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression such an occurrence was likely to have made on the minds of the men. In the defense, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad was really dead, or was yet living. Those in authority found that it was high time to take decisive step to decide the question: and in a short time, a ship, under the command of a captain in the navy, was on her way to Boston with the necessary documents to find out the young man, and, if living, to bring him home. This proved the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little time elapsed before the result of the mission could be known; during which, however, the interest in the young man's fate by no means diminished. And if the attention of the public had been commanded by the peculiarities of the case, how are we to describe the alternations of hope and fear which agitated a mother's anxious heart? At length the vessel returned to put an final end to suspense as of the man's destiny. The notice of her arrival was accompanied by the following announcement in the 'Morning Post' newspaper:

"Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged from the navy, by order of the Lord Commissioners of the Admiralty. He was immediately brought on shore, and set off for London." Thus was this long-pending and much agitated question finally settled by the appearance of the young man himself. A thousand inquiries were now of course put to him about his adventures; to most of which the following narrative was the answer:

"At first he was altogether unable to believe that it was intended to abandon him in that des-

tinate condition, upon an island, which the men who brought him there knew to be uninhabited and unproductive. He thought it probable he was merely left there for the night to frighten him, yet he could not help fearing the worst, from the stern character of his captain. How anxiously he watched for the morning! how wistfully that watched night passed away with out shelter, and without a second covering for his frame! The morning came, and all his hopes were confirmed on beholding the Recruit only a few miles off the shore. He sat watching her from gray dawn until it was bright daylight; every moment he expected to see the same boat which had torn him from her, return on the welcome errand to convey him back again. Vain hopes! He saw her white sails unfurling and filling out with wind, and perceived that the distance between her and the island was rapidly increasing, and then, as she became a speck on the mighty waters, then only did he give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the awful reality of his fate came home to his mind. She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no more. For two whole days he suffered dreadfully from thirst, and deeply, though less distressingly, for the cravings of hunger. To alleviate the fever which consumed him, he drank a considerable quantity of salt water, which however, only rendered his sufferings more intense. Death was now before him, when most providentially a refreshing shower of rain fell, and the quantity which remained in the crevices of the rocks supplied him so long as he remained on the island. But he was at some difficulty in drinking it: for it lay in such shallow pools or in such narrow fissures, that it was at first perplexing how to avail himself of the precious gift.

The idea at length entered his mind of sucking it out with a quill; and as the island abounded in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to quench his thirst, feeling inexpressibly grateful for this most opportune blessing. But nature now renewed her other calls upon him, and was imperative in her demands for food.

How to supply this want he knew not, nor could he think of any means of doing so. He saw a great number of birds of the gull kind, rather larger than a goose, and attempted to catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for their eggs, but he could find only one, which had probably lain there for months, for it was in such an offensively putrid state, that, fainting as he was from inaction, he could not touch it. The only food he had, if it could be called food, was some bark, which he was so fortunate as to find cast upon the sea-shore. At length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the distance. With an exulting heart he watched her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue horizon. When her hull rose above the line, he was half wild with delight; and plucking forth his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every minute expecting some signal to indicate that he had been perceived. The great ship, with her load of wealth and life, took no heed of the poor outcast, and "passed by the other side," at a distance too great for him to be discerned by those on board. Another and another ship have in sight, and passed away, leaving him to his tears, and hunger, and despair. Altogether, five vessels were descried by him, each leaving him more east down and nearer death than before. He had now despised of rescue; and fainting through hunger, he sank down upon the shore. But relief was at hand. An American vessel passing nearer the island than usual, was now at the command of the captain, in order that he might examine the birds which were flying in great numbers around it. On landing, the men discovered our perishing seaman, carried him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on board, and by kind and judicious treatment, speedily restored him to perfect health. He was thus delivered from his imminently perilous situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his story excited at once the indignation and active compassion of the people, who soon supplied him with clothes, work and wages. There he peacefully spent this interval of time; and while England was ringing with his name, he was pursuing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert Jeffery became one of the metropolitan lions, and was for some time visited by crowds of persons, mated to his pecuniary advantage. This publicly stimulated Captain L—— to come to an arrangement, by which Jeffery should be compensated for all his wrongs, and a handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on condition of removing to his native village. After the manner of a real romance, we must hear our hero's company to the last. Accompanied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was entrusted, he set out for home. On the road from Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for his mother had been twice married; he immediately recognized with joy his long-lost relative; and he ran forward to apprise his anxious mother of the speedy arrival of her son. The news flew like lightning through the village. Robert Jeffery was coming home safe and well! Before the young man reached the place, the sound of the village bells was borne to his ears, and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old

[CONTINUED ON FOLLOWING PAGE.]

THE HUMILIATION OF THE WHIGS.

The convention at Philadelphia has sent the whig party into the canvass in an attitude of abject humiliation unknown before to the political history of this country. Claiming to be the **PARTY OF CONSERVATISM**, they have chosen for their standard-bearer a soldier with his sword at his side, who has no political past, and who has scorned to give them one single guaranty for his political future. Claiming throughout the whole northern section—that is, the whig section—of the Union to be as a party firmly planted upon a planted upon a platform of hostility to the extension of the slave interest, they have suffered themselves, under the menace and at the dictation of the whigs of southern democratic States, to thrust aside all their best and ablest and most trusted statesmen identified with that platform, and to have foisted upon them by southern votes as their presidential candidate a large and opulent slaveholder, whose interests, and habits, and associations bind him to fixed opposition to all their peculiar views. Claiming to take their stand as a party by a unanimous vote in the Senate against the annexation of new territory—rallying at this moment against the democratic ticket, mainly because, as they allege, it promises an annexation administration—and having, in this view denounced our glorious war with Mexico as robbery and murder, they have chosen as their representative and leader a man known to the country exclusively by his feats in this war, by which a vast annexation of new territory has been achieved. As if frightened and chagrined at the spectacle of partisan treachery and disloyalty which they thus exhibit to the world—as if feeling that now any pretended profession of party principles from men who could so act must be received as a poor and sorry farce by an intelligent and patriotic people—they have shrunk away from any attempt to lay down on any platform of political doctrine whatever, the truth of which, and in the strength of which to come before the country and ask its suffrage. And in this clanning together (for we cannot call their motley and ill-cemented union a political rally)—in thus clanning together under a mere name, absolutely denied of all political significance; in thus taking up, without pledge or condition, the Nativist nominee, and the Independent nominee, who had even openly avowed himself ready to be the Democratic nominee, and who could not be persuaded, under his own hand, to retract or modify one word of his recent letter which spurned the decision of the whig convention, even at the moment when he came before it!—in thus deliberately laying down all their ancient party organization to be trampled under the iron heel of their former horror, a military chieftain, be it ever remembered that the Whig Convention have at the same time done their very worst and their very utmost to compromise and degrade the position of the man for whose supposed popularity they have thus shamelessly huckstered all that any party, if true to itself, must hold most sacred and dear!

It is from their own journals that we now learn that Gen. Taylor, who never surrenders, has surrendered at last to whig intrigue, and whig subversiveness, and whig lust for the laurels of "the spoils." By a whole volume of letters, early and recent, he had pledged himself to a position of "independency." He would be a "people's candidate," and nothing else! Any party might nominate him, but he would be no party's champion or representative! With these high professions yet sounding on his lips, with the ink which recorded them for the public eye, not yet dried, he fell—in an evil hour for his renown, for his consistency, and his firmness, he fell—among the whigs. All the ingenuities of political deception were at once at work. Letter after letter was evoked from one not skilled (however of late practised) in political letter-writing. Finally, epistles painfully elaborated to bear any meaning, or no meaning, were furnished ready-made for his signature; and when at last it was found that language had no formula vague enough, and broad enough, and non-committal enough, to form a ground upon which the whigs could with tolerable pretence of party integrity unite upon Zachary Taylor as a candidate,—then, as a last resort a whole State delegation was authorized to go into the convention, and *viva voce* attempt to define the undefinable—to draw lines and split hairs in the endeavor to mark the precise measure of obliquity which General Taylor would render to the convention whose nominee he sought to become, and to assume for themselves, and to withdraw from him in whose behalf they spoke all the "inconsistency" of a most palpable and flagrant repudiation of his former declarations of his "independent supporters!"

Such in brief outline—ample illustrations of which we shall furnish hereafter—is the machinery by which the whigs have brought their candidate into the field. Is it to be wondered at, that the best spirits of the whig party rose up at once upon the spot, revolted, incensed, and violently protesting against the whole proceeding? Is it to be wondered at, that Judge Allen, of Massachusetts—one of the ablest, calmest, and most eminent members of the convention—proclaimed that "the whig party was from that day dissolved"? Is it to be wondered at, that Mr. Wilson, from the same State, and Mr. Campbell for Ohio, openly announced (one of them with the solemnity of an oath) their fixed opposition to the nominee, and their determination to go home and rally their States to that opposition? Why, even the editor of the New York Tribune himself—is ardent, devoted and unscrupulous a whig as there is in the country, who could no more be expected to *tell* a whig nomination than the nomine himself—even he is staggered by this transaction of the Philadelphia convention; and looking back upon its treacheries, its subversion, its utter abnegation of principle, its entire disregard of the claims of

the northern whig States, its browbeating of the delegates from Ohio and Massachusetts, the loss of either of which State is ruin to the whigs,) and finally upon its *secret session*, *conclave* plotings, in which *the people being shut out*, these whig wire-pullers huddled up in the dark a bargain-nomination, the process of which they dared not reveal—even he is forced to tell his readers that he must stand and wait awhile; that he must see whether something else cannot be done a little more worthy of a freeman than a support of a nominee for the people's highest office, so stunted and so presented!

And if the whigs themselves, thus for very shame, stand aghast at a proceeding thus designed to secure to them a short-lived triumph and a temporary glut of the spoils of office, how should it be received by the mass of the people? With what zeal and confidence ought not the democrats to unite as one man, and put down the most corrupt fusion of party and no-party elements in a canvass that the election of this country ever saw! The Harrison hubub was bad enough. It cheated the people once, to their cost, and *once for all*. They learned, in the Saturnalia of that infamous campaign, the nature of the opponents with whom they have to deal. They learned then the miserable shifts and the wretched deceptions and trickery to which the *party of privilege* must always resort, in order to gain even a momentary mastery in a country where the mass of the people vote. But now the plight of the whigs is still worse. They are not now only the party of corrupt privilege. A new brand is upon them. The events of the last two years have stamped them as the party of *MORAL TREASON*. In their desperation, they have resorted to a fraud upon the people in comparison with which their Harrison canvas was fair and manly. The "Old Zack" hubub is the last and lowest step of their political degradation. On any platform of political doctrine whatever, the truth of which, and in the strength of which to come before the country and ask its suffrage. And in this clanning together (for we cannot call their motley and ill-cemented union a political rally)—in thus clanning together under a mere name, absolutely denied of all political significance; in thus taking up, without pledge or condition, the Nativist nominee, and the Independent nominee, who had even openly avowed himself ready to be the Democratic nominee, and who could not be persuaded, under his own hand, to retract or modify one word of his recent letter which spurned the decision of the whig convention, even at the moment when he came before it!—in thus deliberately laying down all their ancient party organization to be trampled under the iron heel of their former horror, a military chieftain, be it ever remembered that the Whig Convention have at the same time done their very worst and their very utmost to compromise and degrade the position of the man for whose supposed popularity they have thus shamelessly huckstered all that any party, if true to itself, must hold most sacred and dear!

ALAS, POOR YORICK.

As an instance of the mode in which the treacherous Clay whigs are jeered by their triumphant allies, the original Taylor men, we will publish the following article from the Journal of Commerce, in which it is very coolly stated that the whig party is in such hopeless condition, that without the aid of some other appeal than to mere principle, and with the best man among them for a standard bearer, they would be left out of sight by Gen. Cass in the race for the White House!—that even with the nomination of Gen. Taylor it would have been their destruction to put forth any avowal of principle. "They have only to stick to their principles," says this advocate of Gen. Taylor's principles, "to enjoy all the glory of political suicide of the tallest kind." How the Clay whigs bear this sort of jeering, we have informed our readers, in part, already. The more independent and spirited of them openly defy the ascendant party and will vote against the nomination. Others—those dependent upon politics as a game—will support the ticket "without why or wherefore."

It is for the people, whose interests are threatened by this new combination of men whose poverty of principle is their boast, to see to it that the proceedings of no "National Slaughter-House" does their prosperity depend.

THE LATE WHIG CONVENTION.

The New York Tribune speaks of the late whig convention at Philadelphia as the "National-Slaughter-House." The trouble seems to be, that the convention made no declaration of principles, either in the form of resolutions, or in an address to the people of the United States.—Whether Fourierism is one of the principles which they were expected to avow, we are unable to say. The Tribune tells us that they ought to have urged the doctrine of *prudence* to particular interests,—distribution of the proceeds of the public lands among the states, notwithstanding the enormous debt just saddled upon us! By a wasteful, pervading system of internal expenditure, and at the same time cut off all aid to the revenue for sales of public land, leaving both principal and interest of the present and future debt to be met by duties on imports, or not at all. It requires not a prophet's ken, to predict, with certainty that if such doctrines had been put forth by the whig convention, not even the popularity of Gen. Taylor could have saved the party from destruction. For in the first place, he never would have assented to such doctrines, nor admitted to his counsels the men who sought to thrust them upon him. In the next place, any presidential candidate adopting them as his creed, would be left out of sight by Gen. Cass in the race for the White House; and the little clique at his heels would find themselves in a minority so hopeless that they would be ashamed of their own shadow. Most fortunately for the whig party, a majority of their delegates, either not desiring to endorse such a miserable apology for a creed, or foreseeing that it would be equivalent to an ignominious defeat, revolted

to the only feasible alternative which remained, viz: *entire silence*. This at once enlarged the platform on which they stood, and rendered it possible for men of widely differing sentiments to unite in promoting a common object. Now if certain men preferred defeat with Henry Clay, to victory with any other man, we do not see why they need complain of the result, for they can be accommodated still. They have only to stick to their "principles," i.e. to their idol, and they will enjoy all the glory of political martyrdom, or rather, suicide, of the tallest kind.

DRIVING AND COAXING.

If anything could add to the outrage lately perpetrated upon the whig party it would be the arrogant and dictatorial airs assumed by the Taylor men towards the Clay men on the one hand, and the patronizing and wheeling tone adopted on the other. For instance the Portland Empire, a paper which never called itself a whig paper until after the nomination of Gen. Taylor, has all at once become the Jupiter Tonans of the federal party, and fulminates thus:

"Every man who cannot go with the whig party, should recede from it at once and join the enemy, or unite with those who are trying to raise up a party founded on sectional issues. There are no doubt, some among us who will rejoice at this opportunity of breaking away from the whig party. Personal ambition, ennobled feelings, or private purposes may find more scope elsewhere. Let all such men go. The party will remain, purified by their desertion."

On the other hand, the New York Journal of Commerce, heretofore an equivocal whig journal, uses the following coaxing language, which must be exceedingly more offensive to the high-toned federal admirers of Clay, who have always fought the battles of whiggery, than the dictatorial language of the Empire:

"As for the Clay men, it is natural they should be disappointed, but we think we know enough of human nature to feel assured that nineteen twentieths of them will soon acquiesce in the decision of the convention, and be convinced that under the circumstances it was politic and necessary. Such men should be treated with forbearance. Time will do for them what reproaches cannot. It is a great sacrifice of which they are called to make. Give them time, and they will make it cheerfully."

To be in the condition of objects of forbearance on the part of such fellows as have had the direction of the Taylor movement, must be highly congenial to the Clay whigs!

As an evidence of what they have to swallow in the nomination of Taylor, the following facts are cited:

Of the eleven states that voted against Mr. Polk in 1844, but three voted for Mr. Taylor on the first ballot in the whig convention; and of these three two were about equally divided, and the third is hardly a whig state.

Of the fifteen states that voted for Mr. Polk, ten voted against Mr. Clay in the convention.

From the states that threw 105 votes against Mr. Polk in 1844, Mr. Taylor, on the first ballot, received 31 votes.

From the states that in 1844 cast 170 votes for Mr. Polk, there were 164 votes cast against Mr. Clay.

Thus it is, that in the sections where the whig party have little to hope for at the polls, there the Taylor strength is found. The democratic states make the nomination for the whig party—the other states are called upon to do the voting.

This is the entertainment to which they are invited! [Age.]

THE WHITE HORSE AND THE WHITE HOUSE.

In 1844, with Polk and Clay in field, the contest was one of high and well-defined principle. Every one understood the issues, and voted accordingly. The question of tariff, bank, treasury, distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, were all distinctly presented and ably argued by both sides, and the verdict of the country solemnly and deliberately rendered at the ballot box.

The great democratic party go into the canvass again as they have ever done, upon a broad and firm platform. They have nothing to disguise. There stands their political creed. They ask the voters to look at it—to read it—to study it well. Upon the political wisdom and intrinsic justice of that creed they are ready to stand or fall.

How is it with the federal party? They have repudiated principle in this campaign. They

call for men. They even rejected, at their Convention, a resolution that their candidate should be a whig! They have not only done this, but have placed themselves in opposition to some of their own doctrines, for the sake of victory.

Occupying this contemptible position, they can have but one mode of conducting the canvass. They must make up in slang phrases, in coarse jokes, in vulgar personalities, what they will want in argument. "A LITTLE MORE GRACE"—"OLD WHITEY" and similar catch-phrases will soon be the style in use. Specimens are already beginning to pour upon us: Here is one from the Nashville Whig:

"Fetch out 'Old Whitey' Fetch him out!"

"We heard from him recently, and he was in tip top condition—standing straight on his pectorals, and bearing on the bit."

"He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; neither turneth he back from the sword."

"He quivereth rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield."

"He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the count of the trumpet."

"He smeth among the trumpet, Ha! Ha! and he smelth the battle afar off; the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

to the only feasible alternative which remained, viz: *entire silence*. This at once enlarged the platform on which they stood, and rendered it possible for men of widely differing sentiments to unite in promoting a common object. Now if certain men preferred defeat with Henry Clay, to victory with any other man, we do not see why they need complain of the result, for they can be accommodated still. They have only to stick to their "principles," i.e. to their idol, and they will enjoy all the glory of political martyrdom, or rather, suicide, of the tallest kind.

Talk about beating this dear, gallant old War-Horse! Nonsense! Why he has been trained by *Honesty*, has *Patriotism* for his rider and is entered by the *People*! Clear the track—don't you see he is coming?"

Aye, don't you see HE HAS COME! Stand aside locos. With one fist of tail he will cast the veritable jockey of Michigan beyond the Rocky Mountains, and with a toss of his gallant main capsizes Bitter in the Gulf of Mexico. Clear the track! He's COME!!

And here is another. Mr. Collier at the federal convention in Philadelphia, said:

"Why sir, when the victories achieved by Gen. Taylor on the 8th and 9th of May, first came up to Ohio, to that part of Ohio I have the honor to represent, it was received with such enthusiasm that I was satisfied that we could have at once elected old Zack, President of the United States, and his WHITE CHARGER VICE PRESIDENT."

It was that infamous old Roman rascal, Cæsarius, who made his horse a consul, fed him at his own table, and made his subjects honor him. The federalists seem inclined to follow his example.

Such language shows the low estimate our opponents place upon the intelligence of the American people. Here is a man who dares tell them that they would elevate a HORSE to the second highest office in their gift? And this insolent declaration was received, as the papers inform us, with "loud cheers."

Let the federalists, if they choose, adopt this degrading mode of warfare. We thank Heaven that the democracy are under no such necessity. They will stand up to their principles, faithfully and honestly. They will go to the ballot box with those principles; and they will triumphantly vindicate them. The federalists may trot their four-legged candidate on the course, if they will, and he will be a fair representation of the present unreasoning condition of their party; but they err essentially when they suppose that they can ride him rough shod over the people, and trample them down with impunity. The *WHITE HORSE* and the *WHITE HOUSE* have no affinities in common. [Argus.

THE SPECKLED PARTY.
The whig party now comprises the following divisions:

Clay Whigs.
Taylor Whigs.
Out and out Taylor men.

Chinese Taylor men—being such as were converted to Taylorism by the jugglery of the convention.

Cotton Whigs.

Negro and Tobacco Whigs.

Fro-Sol Whigs—none to be found at present.

War and Slavery Whigs.

Southern Whigs.

Northern Whigs with Southern Principles.

Conscience Whigs—very few in number.

Whigs in Suspense—being such as have not found out who they are for.

Whigs without a Why or a Wherefore.

Whig upon Principle—very scarce.

Democratic Whigs—this species are mentioned in some newspapers, but are supposed to be nearly extinct at this time.

Screaming Whigs—never heard of but one.

Anti-Rent Whigs—being such as were passed out of State Prison by Gov. Young.

No Territory Whigs—these are 14 in number.

Honest Whigs—one Davis of Massachusetts is all that is reckoned in this species.

Mexican Whigs—nearly all of these surrendered to Gen. Taylor at the famous battle of the Chinese Museum.

Hard Cider and Log Cabin Whigs—known by their bright buttons and noses.

Office Seeking Whigs—this species are said to be very numerous and exceedingly fierce.

[See Democrat.]

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

With the mass who is the man?

General Cass, of Michigan?

What if we run Henry Clay?

Heavy debts we'll have to pay.

Can't we get in General Scott?

No, I rather reckon not.

Then suppose we take brave Taylor?

He, like "Tyler too," may fail, or—

(Well you know your former fate, So take warning ere to late.)

If you wish your rights protected, Lewis Cass must be elected.

If you wish them thrown away, Go for Taylor—Scott—or Clay.

I, like every honest man, Vote for Cass of Michigan.

LUCIEN MURAT.

Mr. Kendall of the Picayune, writing from Paris, says:

"I learn with pleasure that Lucien Murat, son of the former King of Naples, has been returned from his father's birth place, the department of the Lot. The Prince, as he is called, was living quietly at his residence in New Jersey, when the news of the French revolution came, and when it was understood that a National Assembly was to be elected by general suffrage, he at once took a steamer for Liverpool. Arrived there, he made all

FROM VERA CRUZ.

News from Vera Cruz has been received to the 3d inst. The official announcement of the ratification of the treaty by the Mexican government having been received, several companies of recruits, for general service, just arrived, were not permitted to land, but were ordered back to New Orleans. On the 1st inst., the civil authority of the city was delivered to the Mexicans.

Later advices from Mexico state that the troops were moving towards the sea coast. Gen. Patterson's division left the city of Mexico on the 30th. Gen. Butler and Commissioner Sevier were to leave on the 5th inst. The latter was still at Queretaro, unwell. Gen. Butler had put stop to the Yucatan expedition. Col. Bankhead was expected at Vera Cruz from Orizaba on the 6th inst. Herrera was elected president of the republic of Mexico by the vote of eleven states; Santa Anna had three votes. The latter is believed to be still in correspondence with his friends in the Mexican congress. A law was presented in the Mexican Congress for colonizing the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Propositions were also presented for the composition of the army and navy; concerning public security, and for the reduction of contracts. The deserters known as the St. Patrick prisoners have been pardoned. Commissioner Sevier has announced to the Mexican government that Commissioner Clifford would be the resident minister in Mexico.

It is the universal expectation and belief of the Mexicans that Santa Anna will return to Mexico as soon as our army leaves the country.

Those who have incurred the hostility of this powerful chief, are looking to a division of the country into independent republics, as the only thing that can save them from the evils of his oppressive and corrupt rule.

BRINGING THE TROOPS HOME.—The government have engaged twelve ships in N. York and twelve or fifteen more in other northern ports, for the purpose of bringing the troops home from Mexico. The terms of the charter are, that the vessels shall proceed to Vera Cruz and carry troops to any port in the U. States which may then be designated. The prices paid here are \$1000 to \$6,500 each, for ships of 400 to 800 tons burden; and these prices are considered cheap, even at the present low rates of freight. The expense of fitting up and furnishing a vessel for the conveyance of troops, is considerable, and the fixings have to be taken out again after the voyage.

The force to be embarked at Vera Cruz is stated in the New Orleans papers at 1,100 officers, 26,000 rank and file, and 5,000 teamsters, making 32,000 in all; and to convey them home with the wagons, baggage, and all the other material of the army, must require from 150 to 200 vessels; and there perhaps never has been a time when they could be procured so easily as now.

Mr. Clay received the news of the nomination of Gen. Taylor at Lexington. He had ridden over to wait for intelligence, and was sitting at table with a party of friends when the thunder clap came. He rose up, and under great excitement, denounced the convention as having in a day sacrificed the fabric of whig principles which had only been reared by the labor of the lifetime of the greatest, purest, and most patriotic statesmen the Union ever possessed. He showered anathemas upon Gen. Taylor and his presumptuous belief that by dragooning the convention into submission to his demand for the nomination, he had compelled the patriotic whig people of the country to bow their necks by way of a bridge for the safe conduct of Tylerism back to the high places of the government. After thus expressing himself for a few minutes he ordered his carriage and drove home to ruminant over the sudden death of "whig principles."

The Washington correspondent of the Pennsylvania says—"It is stated very positively, and is pretty generally believed, that Mr. Clay has written a private letter to Mr. Horace Greeley of the New York Tribune, in which he cautions Mr. Greeley to sustain the nomination of Taylor and Fillmore, at the same time that he loves his own party. The thing has grown a monstrous imposture, and has been already, in some few civilized countries detected and discredited accordingly. And for the institutions of the country, I loathe and despise them: we are weakening and dying of these institutions fast; they are consuming us like a plague, degrading us to paupers in mind, body, estate, yes, making our very souls beggarly. They are a failure and a fraud, these institutions—from the topmost crown jewel to the meanest defective note book, there is no soundness in them. God and man are weary of them. Their last hour is at hand; and I thank God that I live in the days when I shall witness the utter downfall, and trample upon the grave of the most pestilential, the greatest, meanest, falsest, and cruelest tyranny that ever deformed the world."

A shirt maker in London, has invented a shirt collar, which he calls the "New Economic Shirt Collar." It has a recess or a kind of pocket in the band, in which are placed two or three extra collars to be turned up when required. This is equal to the blacksmith in Albany, who used to put on six shirts at one time, once every six weeks.

The ultra Southerners believe slavery a divine, and God-ordained institution, and they go for Gen. Taylor. The champion of the Northern whigs says, "Let government take care of the rich," and they, too, go for Taylor. The aristocrats of all sections labor harmonious in the same yoke.—Rep. Jour.

Several months ago the Albany Journal said that, on the subject of the Wilmot proviso, Gen. Taylor "entertains the views of Mangum and Clayton." One voted for and the other against it!!!

ANTI-SLAVERY FEELING IN VIRGINIA.

A recent number of the Richmond Southerner contains the following article. After deprecating the existing debates in Congress, on the subject of slavery, the editor proceeds—

"It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless true, that two-thirds of the people of Virginia are open and undisguised advocates of ridding the State of Slavery; and after the year 1850, when the census is taken, their views will be embodied in such a form as to startle the South. We speak unfeignedly. We have within the last two years, conversed with more than five hundred slave-holders in the State; and four hundred and fifty out of the five hundred expressed themselves ready to unite in any general plan to abolish slavery upon any terms. Abolition fanaticism at the North has not produced this, but the annexation of Texas and the acquisition of territory has done it. Virginia may be put down as no longer reliable on this question. When she goes, the District of Columbia is free territory; then Delaware and Maryland will also go, and N. Carolina and Kentucky will follow suit. This will surround the extreme South with free states, and when that day comes, and it will not be very long, we would just as leave own a parcel of wild turkeys as so many slaves."

CANADA COUNTERFEITERS.

The funds raised in Boston for the suppression of counterfeiting, have not been misappropriated, judging from the following articles from Canada papers:

The Frontier Co.-Astl.-Alb. We understand, says the Standard Journal, that Messrs. Prentiss, Clark, and Young paid another visit to Barnston during the past week, and seized upon the premises of Samuel Davis, a quantity of Mexican dollars, parts of several dies, some crucibles for melting metals, and slips for alter-

ing Perkins stereotype bank plates to nine different Banks, with slips for the various towns where the Banks are located, and also slips for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The counterfeit plates were engraved without the name of the Bank, the town or State where the Bank is located, but a space left, in which the names of each could be inserted. The slips are made of copper, to fit the space in the plate with the name of the Bank, town and State engraved thereon: and when the manufacturers press would not do, the editor being liable to suit for libel, to any person aggrieved, in the Court established at the Governor's quarters

It is believed a through uprooting of this business in this section of the country has been effected. We understand quite a number of individuals, supposed to have been engaged in the counterfeiting, have within a few days left the Province.

On the 8th inst., says the Montreal Gazette, Mr. High Constable Clark, from Sherbrooke, arrived in Montreal in charge of Adams, an old engraver, who is suspected to have been for a long period in the employment of the counterfeiters, engraving their plates and cutting their dies for making counterfeit money, in the districts of Montreal and Sainte-Croix. He was traced from Barnston to Dunham, and then fled to Farnham, in the District of Montreal, where he was arrested by Mr. Clark.

Upon searching his room, were found counterfeit money, tools of all kinds for engraving, and carrying on the counterfeit business; German silver and metal, for the manufacture of hard silver, with their copper plates in a state of preparation for engraving. We understand that he has been fully committed for trial. It is understood that he is the only engraver in the employment of the counterfeiters in Eastern Canada.

THE TREASON TRIALS IN IRELAND.

As will be seen by our foreign summary, have commenced; and in case of the editor of the United Irishman, a verdict of guilty has been rendered. The treasonable article for which he was tried, commences in the following bold language: [Argus.]

"I tell you frankly, that I, for one, am not afraid. I am not wedded to the Queen of England, nor am I in any way attached to the House of Brunswick. In fact, I love my own birthplace better than I love that house. The thing has long since grown a monstrous imposture, and has been already, in some few civilized countries detected and discredited accordingly. And

for the institutions of the country, I loathe and despise them: we are weakening and dying of these institutions fast; they are consuming us like a plague, degrading us to paupers in mind, body, estate, yes, making our very souls beggarly. They are a failure and a fraud, these institutions—from the topmost crown jewel to the meanest defective note book, there is no soundness in them. God and man are weary of them. Their last hour is at hand; and I thank God that I live in the days when I shall witness the utter downfall, and trample upon the grave of the most pestilential, the greatest, meanest, falsest, and cruelest tyranny that ever deformed the world."

A shirt maker in London, has recently been appointed U. S. Senator from Kentucky in place of Mr. Crittenden, by the Governor of that State. This, it will be remembered, is the same man who killed the lamented Ciley because he refused to acknowledge James Watson Webb to be a gentleman.

A PRETTY FIX. The whigs have scolded like furies against the war, and nominated for President a man whom they can only glorify for his deeds in the war.

The Washington Union labors with all its might to create jealousy between the different sections of the whig party.—*Phil. Gazette.*

It does? Why, we should as soon think of exciting the jealousy of a couple just divorced from matrimony.

W. J. Graves, Esq. has recently been appointed U. S. Senator from Kentucky in place of Mr. Crittenden, by the Governor of that State. This, it will be remembered, is the same man who killed the lamented Ciley because he refused to acknowledge James Watson Webb to be a gentleman.

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TREATY WITH THE REPUBLIC OF NEW GRENADA.

A treaty has been negotiated between the United States Government and that of New Grenada, and ratified by the President and the Senate. The most important provision of this treaty is, a stipulation by which the United States guarantees positively and efficaciously to New Grenada, the perfect neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama, and also the rights of sovereignty and property which New Grenada has and possesses over the said territory. The government of New Grenada in turn proposes to guarantee to the government and citizens of the United States the right of passage across the Isthmus of Panama, over the natural roads, and over any canal or railroad which may be constructed to unite the two seas.

THE BARN BURNER CONVENTION.

The Barnburner portion of the Democratic party in New York, met at Utica on the 22d inst. A President and eight Vice Presidents were chosen.

Addressess were delivered by Hon. Samuel Young the President, Messrs. Smith, Grosvenor, King, John Van Buren, and Butler. A letter addressed to Martin Van Buren, and his reply, was read by a gentleman to the Convention.

Mr. Van Buren declares himself in favor of free territory, and approves the course of the Barnburners. He says that he cannot vote for Cass or Taylor. We learn so much from the Telegraph news to the Boston Post of Friday last.

It is rumored that Mr. Van Buren was nominated by the Convention as a candidate for the Presidency.

The Mexican authorities of the city of Mexico, during the armistice, summoned the editors of the Free American to appear before them for having spoken disrespectfully of them in some articles which appeared in that paper.

This interference with the press, though tolerated in Mexico, does not go down with the American editor. He refused to obey the summons, and appealed to the Lieutenant Governor, Winder, for protection, who gave the Mexicans to understand that such domineering over the press would not do, the editor being liable to suit for libel, to any person aggrieved, in the Court established at the Governor's quarters

It is believed a through uprooting of this business in this section of the country has been effected. We understand quite a number of individuals, supposed to have been engaged in the counterfeiting, have within a few days left the Province.

On the 8th inst., says the Montreal Gazette, a man named Bruce dug his grave, put into it his coffin, placed himself in it, drew the lid, and then placing the pistol to his head, blew his brains out.

For sale by J. K. HAMMOND, Paris, and Ansel Field, South Paris; also by Druggists and Agents generally.

[From the Daily Mail.]

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we can say we are daily hearing of new cases where the Sarsaparilla and Tomato Bitters, which are sold by Brown, No. 68 Washington street, are effecting most astonishing cures in purifying the blood and assisting digestion. Many of the physicians have taken quite an interest in this compound, and it is considered by them the best article now in use for jaundice, indigestion, loss of appetite, weakness, and from all complaints arising from impurity of the blood. It is really the best medicine now in use to purify the blood and eradicate all humor from the system. It is a very pleasant bitter, and easily taken. We can recommend it, with the greatest confidence, to our numerous readers. Do not take our word for it, bottle and satisfy yourself.

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[Signed.] J. T. GRILLEY.

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[From the Daily Mail.]

In Poland, 7th inst., Mr. Joshua Dunn, a Revolutionary soldier, aged 88 years.

DEATHS.

At Lovell, Nov. 29, 1848.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, 5th.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners began and held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1848.

THE undersigned, inhabitants of said county, would respectfully represent that a public highway is much needed, commencing near Sharon Robinson's in Sumner, either at or near an angle in the County road near Joshua Barrows' Jr., in Hartford, or at both ends of said points, that extends in such a direction as to intersect at some suitable place and follow the valley of the East branch of the Twenty mile River, in a Southern direction, either on the West side, or on the East side, or partly on both sides of said stream, as may be convenient, to intersect a road running from Buckfield village, Easterly by Nathaniel Shaw's, at some point between said Shaw's and Addison G. Cole's, thence Easterly to meet the County road recently located between Buckfield village by South Pond to Hebron. We therefore pray you, Hon. J. C. Hall, to find a route and if your judgment the public good requires, to locate a road thereto.

DANIEL PARSONS & 117 others.

STATE OF MAINE.

OXFORD, 5th.—At a meeting of the County Commissioners began and held at Paris, within and for the County of Oxford, on the second Tuesday of May, A. D. 1848.

THE undersigned, as Agent of the town of Lovell, would respectfully represent that a road commencing at the intersection of the line of Sweden with the town road leading from Ebenezer Rings, and running through the lands of said Community, or some part thereof, is greatly needed by the public, and would be of common convenience and necessity. We therefore pray you, the said Commissioners, in behalf of the said town of Lovell, to find a route and locate a road over the said land, or over such portion of it as may be necessary.

DEAULIE DRESSEL, Agent.

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